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On the Eve of Invasion

PIUS XII, while Pantelleria and Lampedusa and Linosa were falling to British and American armed might, spoke to a great concourse of Italian workers gathered together in Rome. He evidently attached great importance to this speech, and aimed it specially at America, since a complete cable text and English translation were made available the following morning in this country—a procedure unusual in these days of difficult communications. What did the Pope mean by his address? The secular press has, understandably, put all sorts of interpretations on it, and it must be confessed that the text is difficult to understand in any specific political frame of reference.

One is reminded of a revealing anecdote which went the rounds abroad earlier during the war. A prelate who favored the outspoken tradition of Pius XI rather than the diplomatic caution characteristic of the present Sovereign Pontiff is supposed to be having an interview with the Pope. The Holy Father remarks that he has been moved to say his Mass that morning for an intention. This is that Hitler's eyes be opened. Which could be interpreted by Germans as meaning that Hitler receive guidance in the conduct of the war and by enemies of Germany that Hitler be awakened to the enormity of his actions. Whereupon the prelate replies that he had said his Mass for an intention likewise—that Hitler's eyes be closed, presumably permanently, in death.

Of course the Holy Father is in a terribly difficult position. It is perhaps providential that a person of his turn of mind should at present be Sovereign Pontiff, for a more outspoken man might have created breaches which it would be hard indeed, if not for generations impossible, to mend. In any case his present speeches make one point very clear. The Pope is firmly opposed to social revolution for Italy, and to social revolution of all sorts—fascist, communist, anarchist, or what-have-you. The present speech is also very clear in its definition of what the State properly should do in the interests of its citizens. And the concept is radical enough to give the willies to anyone whose thinking is along orthodox nineteenth century capitalist lines. The "honorable desires and needs of the worker" include, not the dissipation of capital, but the promotion of "its regulation under careful control as a means and help toward securing and increasing the genuine welfare of the whole people." Full endorsement is given to the ideas which we generally classify under the head of "social security." The State should "support and complete all that helps to strengthen workers' associations and especially the fathers and mothers of families who are earning a livelihood for themselves and their dependents through work." Here are the "fundamental prerequisites of social concord": "A salary which will cover the living expenses of a family and such as to make it possible for the parents to fulfill their natural duty to rear healthily nourished and clothed children; a dwelling worthy of human persons; the possibility of securing for the children sufficient instruction and a becoming education; of foreseeing and forestalling times of stress, sickness and old age." It reads very much like a *précis* of the Beveridge Plan and of our own efforts in the same direction—efforts at which it has been lately so fashionable to sneer. Indeed the Pope's positive picture of a good society would certainly not be unpalatable to the more conservative type of socialist, and it should be particularly called to the attention of certain economically reactionary Catholics.

But when it comes to the political meaning of the Pope's words, one is left puzzled. Perhaps the Holy Father intended this. Certainly much that he says can only be interpreted as an outspoken attack on fascist economic and social ideas. Certain of his sentences seem to apply more logically to communism than to fascism. His denial of recent German accusations holding him and his predecessor responsible for the outbreak of the war is of course categorical.

In any case, he has committed himself explicitly to what is the general American faith regarding

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the solution of social problems: "Salvation and justice are not to be found in revolution but in an evolution through concord. Violence has ever achieved only destruction, not construction; the kindling of passions, not their pacification . . ."

What Makes News?

AFTER MONTHS of agitation on the part of most major religious groups and other American organizations that are internationally-minded, at last action on feeding Europe is to be discussed in Congress. A bi-partisan subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, headed by Senator Thomas of Utah and including Senators Gillette, Taft and Van Nuys is currently beginning hearings on Resolution 100, calling for a request to Britain to permit food through the blockade to Norway, Holland, Belgium and other unspecified countries under certain conditions. The respective governments in exile, Sweden with her idle ships and Switzerland with her trained relief personnel would cooperate with Britain and America in undertaking the relief of starving millions. Witnesses to be called include Sumner Welles, Herbert Hoover and the representatives of a number of important relief organizations.

Moreover, according to the AP despatch published in the New York *Sun,* Senator Gillette declared to reporters that the subcommittee would actually seek to face the basic questions in the public mind about the situation, viz: Can we spare the food; is enough shipping space available; will the food reach the people for whom it is intended; will it help the Axis; will Britain agree? Those of us who have persistently maintained that the first four questions can be successfully met and have suspected—when we were not definitely informed to that effect—that the last one was the real obstacle, can now count on a showdown at long last. The results of our previous delay have already reached tragic proportions.

The possibility now exists that a plan will be worked out to supply great numbers of the starving women and children of the conquered countries with the sustenance to enable them to survive until the day of political liberation. For millions of our fellow-human beings, our allies in the struggle against fascist enslavement, our brothers in the Mystical Body, there is at last a chance of receiving through our collaboration the very means of life. A duty too long officially ignored will be publicly debated and may open to millions of the oppressed a new lease on life itself.

Does this constitute a news item worthy of note, important enough to share space with the latest personal scandal or quaint coincidence? Except for the *Sun,* New York papers do not think so. Perhaps it is a conspiracy of silence to shield the members of the committee from public pressure favoring Resolution 100 or to protect the Administration from embarrassment. Or can it be that our human sympathies have been so dulled by the cataclysms of the past decade that the fate of millions of our fellow-beings is no longer a matter of concern?

The Rich Color of Blood

IF YOU hadn't read it with your own eyes, you could scarcely believe it. In columns 3, 4, 5 and 6 of Page 34 of the New York *Times* for Sunday, June 13, there appeared a news story that reported the following facts:

Under the President's Executive Order 8802 (on fair employment practices) federal authorities suggested to the Alabama Drydock and Shipbuilding Company, which employs 30,000 workers at Mobile, that it set aside one or more shipways for the employment of Negro workers. Ignoring this suggestion, the company assigned Negro welders to a white shipway, and on the following day there was violent rioting in which (we quote): "Eighty workers, nearly all Negroes, were badly injured, but one of the most seriously hurt was a white worker who attempted to rescue a Negro worker from *two of the company's guards who were beating up the black workers* (Italics ours)."

Thereupon D. R. Dunlap, shipyard president, had the incredible gall to announce that "the rioting was the result of the company's effort to put in force the President's Order 8802." Out of the purest inadvertence, of course, Mr. Dunlap forgot to mention that Washington had suggested separate shipways. Finally, the company agreed with the Maritime Commission to set aside four separate ways for Negro crews, and although approval of this agreement was announced in Washington on June 4, and although, further, intense unrest continued to exist within the shipyard and throughout Mobile, the company refused to release the text of the agreement to local papers until Monday night, June 7. Said Lieutenant Colonel Robert E. Joerg, acting adjutant general of Alabama, "Recent racial disturbances at Mobile can be laid at the door of the Alabama Drydock and Shipbuilding Company."

Seldom in the history of racial injustice has an employer been caught as redhanded, as completely covered and dripping with gore, as Mr. D. R. Dunlap and the other gentlemen who are responsible for the policy of Alabama Drydock and Shipbuilding Company. We can only say that we are appalled and disgusted by the spectacle, and we hope that the decent whites of the South—and North—will shrink back in appropriate horror, recognizing this incident for what it is: a demonstration of the logical conclusion of race prejudice.

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Flag Day

IT WOULD be the same in any port, the ships loading and unloading, the lighters, the tugs, the name of the ship on the stern with the port of registry under the name and the flag at the stern. This was in Rotterdam. We had come to Rotterdam from Essen. In Essen all the bankers owned Picassos, van Goghs, Seurats, Monets and in a stairway there would be a niche specially constructed with the lighting just right and in it would be the head of some Pharaoh's daughter. In Essen the time to pay calls was late in the morning. They would give you a French liqueur in the morning and when it was time for lunch you would get up and leave. No matter where you were invited to dinner you had venison which was because Essen was a company town and the Krupps and the bankers had built the Kaiserhof and whenever they gave a large dinner party the food came from this hotel. When you dined at the hotel you had venison. In Essen the street scene was not cheerful, the Krupp works were like any steel works and when you went to the theater there would be a peasant girl murdering her mother perhaps in a dream, with angels talking to her all the time and her subconscious explaining in recitative over the orchestra.

The Krupps had arranged for their agents to show us the port of Rotterdam: a pleasure trip in a launch.

The launch flew the Krupp house flag; the agent wore a bowler hat; we stood up in the launch and the launch carried us past the long line of the ships. The agent told us where the ships were from, where they were going, what they carried. There was a strong breeze when we got away from the docks; the flags on the ships blew out straight in the breeze; Norwegian, Danish, British, French, Panamanian, Greek. Two tugs were bringing in a ship; the agent said that is an American ship. We passed close to the American ship; we cut into its wake; the ship was a freighter; it was not a tall ocean liner; when we cut across behind its stern the American flag at its stern seemed very high above us, bright above us in the sunlight, clear in the bright light over the water, taut in the strong breeze.

It would be the same in any port, abroad, the American flag on a ship. It would just be that you would think of home. There would be a yacht in the little harbor of Cannes and you would not start counting the stripes, you would not count the stars to make sure there were still forty-eight of them; it would be that you would think of a country fair, the tents, the lemonade. There would be one of the *Ex's* in Naples: the *Exeter, Excambion, Excalibur*—the *Excalibur* has been sunk—you would be taking the little steamer to Sorrento and everyone would stand on the same side of the little white steamer looking at the American ship and you would not stand at attention, you would not take any oath to the flag, you would not explain to the Swiss tourist all about the Supreme Court, the system of checks and balances which under the American flag ensures democracy, you would not tell the German tourist that we always win our wars. It would just be that you would think of a ball game. It's funny, but you always think of the American flag as flying in the summer, in the sunlight, you always think of it in connection with the holidays, you always think of it in connection with peace. When the flag is carried into combat the men who carry it are thinking of the summertime, the sunlight, the peace they wish to return to, the trips to the country, the trips to visit the big city, the vacation trips, the country roads, the city parks, the ball parks, the motorboat with the American flag on the lake, and the swimming.

When you come back from Europe the first thing you see is the military reservation round the antiquated fort at the entrance to the harbor. There are the trees, the elms, the oaks, the white American houses, the green lawns, the tall flagpole with the flag flying. Afterwards when the ship docks you are in a port like any other port. But first you have seen something which belongs to all Americans, first you have seen something which belongs to your home no matter where you live in America: the trees, the green lawn, the flag in the sunlight over the green lawn. Afterward you are in New York, in Boston and these cities may not look like home. The fort and the flag in the harbor look like home—even to Jehovah's Witnesses.

Flag Day does no harm. Only it does not mean very much to anyone who has any real and natural feeling for America. It is all right to have a lot of flags all over everywhere. Fifth Avenue in New York looks wonderful with a lot of flags on both sides of the Avenue as far up the Avenue as one can see. It's fine to have a Fourth of July. Anything that has always been in the country, anything that is a holiday, anything that is firecrackers and picnics and flags, fire engines and parades is all right. As long as no one is forced to parade, as long as it is a natural thing to see the flag flying over the porch of the village hotel, over the red brick First National Bank, on a flagpole in front of the village school house, as long as the flag is part of what you see in America, as long as you don't have to pass an examination about the flag.

Because it's this way. Because we don't have to feel stern about the country, about the flag. We have to fight the war: we don't have to keep telling ourselves that we are Americans.

C. G. PAULDING.

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European Policy

PAULDING'S remarks on "French Policy" deserve an answer. Just because he is one of the Americans who understand Europe best, his unexpected reversal, and his attempt at superimposing an American pattern on European problems is revealing and disturbing.

Paulding says: "The new way of life? It is the old way of life, before defeat." Well, we know what that led up to. If you want 1940 again, the French might answer, that's the way to get it. If you want the March on Rome again, the Italians will add, or, worse still, the good authoritarian groove without even a seizure of power, that's the way. Hear no evil, think no evil . . .

The American can say and think such things because there is an unstated assumption in his thoughts: "Go back to your charming ways, my friends, you need not fear any more. This time there will be no Boches to threaten you, no dictators to bring up outlandish theories or 'historical necessities.' I shall see to that. Intervention is mine."

The Europeans know only too well that they are all, one and all, the losers. Now they also begin to fear that they are expected to be the permanent wards of the Atlantic powers. Read the French underground papers for that.

Now do you want these people as friends, or do you want them as indentured servants? I have no doubt about your conscious wishes, but I am wondering where the logic of your assumptions, worse still of your necessities, is apt to lead you. The common man wanting the common things, and freedom of worship and so on, are loose emotions that may mean either this or that. Nations can go on for a long time on their own amiable habits and on the substance of daily life that you, Paulding, know so well how to describe. But you yourself have also once described the kind of crisis they are meeting. Crisis is a Greek word meaning judgment. Either you stand up to your judgment or you lie down under it. What seemed to be sound and safe has shown itself, in those June days of 1940, to have been a lethal anesthetic under which the nation allowed itself to be robbed of its own decision and its own insight. *"Ce peuple se trahissant soi-même . . ."* Forgive, yes, if possible, but forget, how? How pretend that the whole problem is the Germans? The Germans appear rather as an escape from the problem. The French cannot and should not forget that they lived in a fools' paradise, that they did not know how to face the dilemmas of a first-rate power with a third-rate economy, that they have only paid the first installment on the price of their confusion and inattention. Before starting again, they will have to find themselves back on their feet morally, to find out who they are and what they want: what they want of their neighbors, of their future, of themselves.

That means more than finding a *modus vivendi* between General A and General B, group C and group D. It means a tough ordeal, at a far higher temperature than that of business-to-be-transacted. It is the temperature of simple absolutes. The search for truth, as you said. But as I tried to say too, it does mean first the quest for ancient and simple certainties lost; for a consensus on what today can still make sense.

You say I talk like Pétain. "There is the 'rotten carcass' of pre-war society—and there is the 'new way of life.' Ah, Robespierre."

No one would mind the play of such rainbow bridges over the abyss, if it were not a sign of the times and a dangerous one. I suggest that we leave this craftsmanship to Goebbels and Gayda, who at least know what they intend to do with it. The people of Europe have had only too much of ingenious sophistry, unexpected reversals, plausible resignations and pragmatic double-talk. They know what facts come along with those. We should rather help them get the feel of ground under their feet.

The surrender of Peyrouton to de Gaulle was a clear appraisal of the *vox populi* by one qualified to know. What have you been trying to do with that *vox populi*? You have been trying—yes, you, C. G. P.—to sell them Giraud. Don't try to look as if you had been waiting for the bus. Giraud is not simply "the general for the workers of the eleventh hour," in which case he would have had considerable strength of his own. Giraud is essentially an American invention, as has now become evident *ex post facto*. He was a respectable enough man, but through your attempt at forcing and faking a conciliation under his leadership, he became a nuisance. One misplacement drawing another, you had to take Lemaigre-Dubreuil and Peyrouton, and in their wake now the 66 admirals and 127 generals suddenly pumped at you from France with Georges at their head. There is no need to speculate whether or not Georges brought a message from Lavalpétain. He himself was that message.

There you have the same old giddy-go-round. Take the Poles. Sikorski is a sincere enough democrat. But behind him there are the Grabskis and Raczinskis, and behind those, wrapped in the inexplicable charity of silence, the Becks and Colonels, still at present guests of the Axis, and behind those again—surprise, surprise—Mr. Kozlowski lending the authority of the Polish Red Cross to Goebbels's "inquiry" on the mass executions.

As for Italy, we know only too well through open intimations and discussion what is in the cards.

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It is all part of the same story. Germany, like the White Knight, evolved a simple plan. She is now the owner of Europe, largely the legal owner, and the owner's right is pre-eminent. Or is it? We got Africa "expediently" from Lemaigre-Dubreuil, the man who had refueled Rommel. He started unloading French assets on us, and it took us some time before we discovered that they were largely German-owned. The moment we pull one thread, we get the whole tangled ball of the New Order right in our laps.

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No one proclaimed the intention, as you say, of "turning the timid, the weak-willed, the drunkard, the village idiot out of France." The question is this: the aforesaid gentlemen happened to be running France in 1940, and they sold it out to Germany for a mess of pottage and a nominal participation. The Americans thought they had to buy France back from these same owners, with all the strings attached, and if anybody was to be kept out of France, or at best "amnestied" (textual) it was the Fighting French.

This is not a notion concocted by some mysterious plotters in the State Department. It is a logical necessity derived from the "constructive" philosophy of the American public. They want, as is natural, a strong, silent, united, well-armed, meek and sweetly reasonable French Empire, willing to talk turkey at all times with the representatives of American-controlled cartels. We are waiting for you to tell us how you solve this slight difficulty.

The peoples of Europe know only too well what kind of snarl they are in. They thirst for peace even more than you do. But if, after this war, they find themselves trapped again in this vicious circuit, in this maelstrom of destruction, they will snap out of their initial passivity, and you will find yourselves dealing with a crazed tiger.

If the Americans have neither the means nor the inclination to cut the tangled thread, let them at least not obstruct the desperate attempts of the people over there.

Having said all this, I realize that it is nothing but what you have already stated yourself in your previous articles on "Revolution." I suspect your recent reply was a subtle manoeuvre to provoke someone into saying it again.

G. DE SANTILLANA.

Report from Los Angeles

By THOMAS J. McCARTHY

THE VIGILANTES came back to Los Angeles last week in 1943 style with taxicabs instead of horses. They made a sorry spectacle as they took the law into their own hands in an effort to avenge members of the armed forces who had been attacked recently by zoot suiters.

For four nights members of the armed forces, accompanied by irresponsible civilians, surged through the downtown and east side areas of Los Angeles in an outrageous display of mob violence. Traveling in automobile packs which reached the number of twenty in some cases, they drove through Mexican neighborhoods looking for youths dressed in zoot suits. It made no difference whether there was anything established against them. Just so long as they were wearing long draped coats with peg-topped trousers, they were fair game for the chase. The Mexican boys were terror stricken. Most of them remained at home during the harrowing four nights and those who did venture forth have now grave reason to regret it, because the incidence of cracked heads and bruised heads and bruised bodies runs very high among their number.

Theaters, bars, buildings and some houses were invaded in the interest "of doing what the police have been unable to do," as one service man put it. So reckless did the witch hunters become that they gathered menacingly outside a public building where they heard that a Mexican meeting was going on, and only cool heads prevented their breaking in and causing bloodshed. Youngsters against whom no charge could be made except the wearing of zoot suits, were stripped naked on the city streets and roundly pummeled for good measure.

During all this, no effective check was placed upon the vigilantes by police or military authorities. In fact, there is good evidence for believing that some of the police winked at the whole thing until the situation got so completely out of hand that drastic measures had to be taken to insure the public safety.

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The "zoot suit incident" is no easy one to evaluate. For a year or more a great deal of notoriety has attached itself to the activities of youths clad in zoot suits. Because they were thus clothed, it was inevitable that they should be characterized as "zoot suit gangs" and that the public should get the impression that all who wore zoot suits were hoodlums. Those not closely in touch with the situation have rashly concluded that a general wave of lawlessness existed among Mexican boys.

This is a badly distorted conclusion. A small number of members in each neighborhood group have fought back and forth across Los Angeles County among themselves. These fights have been spectacular and have attracted publicity. Knives and guns have been used. A few fatalities resulted and many brawls occurred. As a result of such criminal action, the neighborhood groups as a whole have suffered a bad name. Yet it is a

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matter of record that less than one percent of girls of Mexican descent and less than three percent of boys of the same race appear in court.

It is hardly correct to refer to "zoot suit gangs" because they do not have concerted leadership. They are really neighborhood groups who lack proper supervision in the home and community, and because of this they gather on the streets at night seeking excitement and following the suggestion of anyone in the group who appeals to their idea of a thrilling evening.

To speak of the problem as a fascist inspired attempt to hinder the war effort is to speak nonsense. The families of boys in these neighborhood groups have one to five representatives in the armed forces and what is remarkable is their patriotism in view of the discrimination shown against them. There is no "pathological hatred" of men in uniform by the zoot suiters. The problem is purely a second generation one intensified by maladjustments in the homes of foreign parents whose economic status is low.

At no time were these youths so lawless that they got out of hand. The police had made arrests, they had obtained sentences against guilty youths; and, despite the impression given by some of the newspapers, the situation was under control. Recently, however, a few attacks had been made on sailors, and the newspapers gave the impression that the attacks were unprovoked. That is not true.

The Mexican has been pushed around a great deal in Los Angeles and he has seen the Okie and the Arkie come in and be accepted where he is still considered an outcast. He has been insulted and vilified by sailors and soldiers alike. His faddish type of dress and hair-do have made him a ready target of abuse. In some instances he struck back and immediately all the Mexican youth were exposed to attack. Those who really know the Mexican boys in Los Angeles will testify well in their behalf. They are not in the habit of hiding behind trees and attacking people. If there are those among their number who do that, there are also a lot of Anglos who do so too, and the generalization is just as dangerous when applied to the Mexican as when applied to the Anglo.

There are three agencies emerging from the "zoot suit incident" with something less than credit attached to them. First of all, the military authorities should have acted swiftly at the very start of the rioting by declaring the whole downtown area of Los Angeles out of bounds for service men. This was not done until public indignation demanded it. Secondly, the police, even taking account of the fact they are undermanned, had time enough to formulate some action which would have discouraged civilian participation in the rioting. Thirdly, at least two metropolitan newspapers treated the whole "incident" in a carnival spirit. There were streamer heads about navy task forces taking over downtown Los Angeles and one could read in the accounts a kind of approval for the whole thing.

It should be recorded that the "zoot suit incident" is entirely local, having no tie-up with subversive groups. It has now the careful attention of a Citizens Committee appointed by Governor Warren and under the chairmanship of Bishop Joseph T. McGucken.

How It Happened in Germany

An analysis of the mass age in agony.

By **Goetz A. Briefs**

THE GREAT WAR unveiled, as Max Scheler has remarked in his "The Genius of War," the fundamental reality of Europe. It brought to light the political anarchy of this section of the world and the absence of any recognized moral standards or authority. The Treaty of Versailles was a further demonstration of the same political and moral anarchy. After the war, in the victorious and vanquished states alike, governments had to compromise with powerful mass-organizations which had meanwhile shifted their emphasis into the political sphere. Under the impact of the post-war emergency and with the rise to power of the workers' political and economic organizations, social problems, in the widest meaning of the word, became a primary concern of the states. With this increasing sense of social responsibility on the part of governments there naturally arose the need for higher taxes and a stricter tax control.

Increasingly mass-organizations spread their operations in the political sphere and governments turned social-minded. Hand in hand with this change came the rise of huge bureaucratic machines. Alongside the administrative machine emerged an elaborate fiscal and social bureau-

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cracy. However much they lost in authority and respect, governments gained immensely in competence and control. In critical moments strong social groups tried repeatedly to dictate their terms to the governments. It happened in Germany in 1920 after the Kapp-putsch in the so-called "Bielefelder Punctationen"; it happened in England in 1926 and led to the general strike; it happened in Italy up to 1922 in connection with factory occupations; and it happened in France before the Blum cabinet. Just as the belief in "natural" economic and social laws—so dear to nineteenth century liberals and Marxists—vanished, so did the respect and authority of governments which were now, of necessity, engaged in linking up with this or that social group to squeeze another social group.

Government interference in favor of social groups before 1914 had been carefully weighed, long deliberated and hesitantly enacted. In the post-war period this was no longer the case. Politically powerful social groups put forward their claims and expected the governmental machine and the legislature to take favorable action—or else. This was bound to entail a remarkable shift in the responsibility for concerted action. The pre-war union leader, for example, had to shoulder the responsibility for his demands and his methods. If he overplayed his hand, the blame fell on him. After the war, mediation and arbitration boards and other social institutions (relief and unemployment insurance) freed him from much of this liability. Despite this shifting of responsibility, the ethos of "go-getting" obtained just as if nothing had happened. Of course, this socialization of responsibilities and privatization of gains was by no means confined to union operations. It was, in fact, the expression of a whole "era of transition" from an individualistic "market-society" into an organized group-society. And the ethos had not kept step with the new situation.

No government, of course, has a magic purse continuously on hand from which to draw. If it wants to pay Peter it has to rob Paul and if it wants to pay Dick and Harry it has to rob both Peter and Paul. Since all of them are organized social groups competing for their share, or what they think should be their share, they soon realize that organized pressure in the political and social field is at a premium. In response the government may do either of two things: it can link up with the politically strongest group, and thus become a junior partner to this group; or it can operate as a political equalizer between different groups, which means to act as a broker between several conflicting group interests, linking up with this or that group as the situation may command. Russia went the former way; the rest of Europe after 1919 went the latter way, preference being given, on the whole, to organized labor.

Post-war reconstruction (1919-1929) plus vast scale borrowing abroad was temporarily able to conceal the intrinsic dangers of such a policy. It seemed, even, that both big business and labor had found a promising path.* Things, however, were decidedly gloomy for the various and scattered social groups lying between big business and labor, i.e., the broad urban and rural middle classes. Theirs was not the strength of accumulated wealth and capital at the command of big business, nor the power deriving from the mass organization built up by the workers. Thus they lacked both features which embodied power in the new set-up. It cannot even be said that they possessed any well defined economic or social interests in common. To the extent that they were organized they belonged to most divergent and often conflicting organizations. They commanded no impressive machine nor did they reach the eye of the public sufficiently to attract attention. Often they were not even organized. These scattered groups were now being ground between the claims of labor and the exactions of the tax collector, between the high rate of interest for loans and the high price of manufactured goods. Moreover, local concentration of industry created large depressed areas which again harmed the small folk in both town and country. Their protracted suffering in this plight caused a mass flight into organizations.

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Since the 1929 depression, in particular, their situation has seemed hopeless, and they became convinced that only a political upheaval could help them. They began to realize that they could not improve their condition by displaying huge concentrated masses and they knew that they had no common economic platform. All that was left was their agreement, in protest and negation, that democracy was rotten, that liberalism was destructive, that "nothing can be hoped for from the hostile world around us." There had never been entirely absent from this group a strain of political romanticism. An unreflecting conservatism had been part of their normal political, moral and social outlook. Economic individualism had never been their accepted philosophy of social life, however robust they may have been in their dealings with others. Moreover, from this group had arisen the vast majority of German intellectuals, government officials, churchmen and teachers. It certainly was the one least affected by foreign ideals and ideologies. Its Protestant section, in particular, had harbored a very vocal preference for everything "truly German." To most of them, Protestantism seemed the truly "Germanic" expression of Christianity and, because it was "Ger-

*The one would shift liability by escaping into industrial concentration and mechanization, the other by enforcing its share through unions of political pressure.

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manic," the only acceptable form of Christianity.

And since Germany after 1870 was, certainly in the Protestant sector, identified with Prussia, the three terms German, Prussian and Protestant were assumed to be identical. In normal times this was, perhaps, without much consequence; under the conditions of post-war Germany it became a fact of prime importance. It was into this group that the lightning of the racial propaganda struck. Something much deeper than social distress here caused the tremendous upheaval of 1933 and led to the riotous years thereafter. Only one event in German history, the Reformation, may be compared with it. What Luther had once succeeded in doing, Hitler again achieved—to arouse a subconscious level of the pre-Christian, pagan, German soul to its full fury and aversion against everything "foreign," Roman, Mediterranean; against everything formed, rational, urban. Lagarde, Rauschning and many others have told us that the northern German peasant never had been really Christianized, which means, in cultural terms, that he was never brought into the Mediterranean orbit. It is for this reason that even Lutheranism had, as time went on, to undergo a severe criticism as entailing too many elements uncongenial to the "Germanic soul."

The radical secularization of Protestantism in northern Germany during the nineteenth century ended up either by accepting a somehow determined "Germanity" as the true yardstick of what was acceptable in the way of religion or in the outright disintegration of every religious substance. Widely scattered and highly divergent middle-class groups found their common denominator in this racial feeling after they had come to understand that "politics is destiny." It was in these circles that Lagarde, Treitschke, Nietzsche and Houston Stewart Chamberlain (not to speak of Richard Wagner) had exercised their strongest influence. The merely nationalistic motif so active in the thinking of Fichte, for example, had undergone a biologistic reinterpretation—race is blood rooted in the German soil. It was in this sign and symbol that the German middle classes embraced National Socialism.

It was thus that the protest against the West in all its forms and expressions gained the upper hand—"We Germans are surrounded by a foreign and hostile world; we submitted confidently to the poisonous embraces of foreign lures; let us awake before we are entirely strangled." "The confident German giant" called upon the unredeemed telluric powers to free himself from the boa constrictor of Mediterranean and Western influences. The mysticism of blood triumphed over the rational human person; the collectivized emotional urges triumped over reason and free will. Blood and soil emerged as the new and elemental motivation of the massification (*Vermassung*) of a whole people. Nationalism and scientism, the two factors most operative in collectivizing the intellectual and other groups outside of the capitalistic orbit, shared in building up the most powerful motive of massification. This renaissance of primitive tribalism within the confines of modern civilization—prepared to utilize all the means and techniques of that civilization—now, in the critical hour of their existence, strikes root in a vast sector of the German semi-intellectuals and provincial middle classes at a time when only mass revolt seemed capable of preserving social groups from disaster.

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These revolutionized middle-class groups formed the center of the hurricane that swept over Germany after 1930. They found a smug ally in parts of big business. Hostility to labor's political influence and social program was the connecting link. Moreover, big business in Germany had never more than hesitatingly accepted liberalism and democracy. Rather, it had selected from a liberal and democratic program what it thought fit for itself. The big employers in Germany, particularly in the steel, iron and mining industries, had never seriously ceased believing that the best form of industrial relations lay in the absolute command of the employer and the obedient submission of the workers. Many of the employers, in fact, dreamt of barrack discipline as the ideal form of factory relations.

The rise of labor in the post-war period appeared to many employers as a sheer monstrosity, unbearable and to be undone at the first opportunity. The strongest motive of the representatives of big business when they considered supporting the nazi-staged revolt of the middle-classes was "to put labor in its place." This phrase exercised a magic influence over a great many Prussian-Germans. The representatives of big business thought in terms of "a restoration of order," which meant to restrict labor again to an obedient, submissive and trustful attitude toward the "bread lord." Parts of big business, so progressive and toughly individualistic with regard to business methods and technological progress, were extremely conservative, if not bluntly reactionary, with regard to politics and social relations. Too shrewd to believe in the racial and some other—ridiculed—reform items of the nazi movement, they certainly believed in using that movement for the disestablishment of unionism, democracy and many of the labor statutes. This motive alone was sufficient to engage the support of big business for nazism.

Big businessmen had stirred nationalistic emotion long before nazism came to attention; they had glorified Fridericus Rex, the rôle and mission of Prussia; they had heaped abuse on the Weimar

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democracy and on liberalism; they had used their command of large sections of the press unscrupulously against the new order in Germany. But in these efforts they commanded no masses. Therefore they welcomed the mass-command which Hitler built up. By subsidizing his nationalistic mass movement they hoped to turn the tables in their favor. When they awoke it was too late. They found that they had paved the road for a general submergence of the whole nation, including themselves, into a vast and subservient mass.

A third group was drawn into the whirlpool of this movement—members of workers' and white collar classes. The depression had unveiled the limit of the method of shifting unsolved tensions from the social field into the political sphere, and the shortcomings of the attempt to shift the costs of social struggles to the public ledger. At once it became evident how limited was the power of mass organizations which relied on mere numbers. Such numbers carry weight in a functioning democracy, *provided* the economic system is strong enough to foot the bill. In a depression, however, it is precisely large numbers which render such huge organizations politically and economically weak. A genuine cleavage of interests within labor occurred in the struggle to uphold the workers' rights and previous gains. All the progress labor had made under the Weimar republic hinged on one iron reality—that sufficient jobs are available. The jobless worker has no use for high union rates, arbitration, short hours and social security legislation, since his claims either have no basis or expire after a short time. Union strength and labor legislation could obviously not create this one basic requirement, the job. This explains why the nazi inroads into labor, particularly after 1926, made such progress and why hundreds of thousands of stormtroopers could be recruited from former unionists, social democrats and communists. These groups, together with the middle class element, formed the fighting units of the late 'twenties and early 'thirties.

Thus emerged a new mass, engaged in a deadly struggle with the old autonomous masses. In the nazi revolution of 1933 this new mass, which was centered around a middle class group, partly financed and propagandized by big business and supplemented by the forgotten men among laborers, defeated and crushed the typically nineteenth century masses which were centered around unions, supported by democratic processes and intellectually and morally backed by leftist intellectuals. Together with the old masses, their former counterpart, the employers' associations, also was doomed. Both were, by decree, wiped out and their members absorbed by the new mass and its institutional set-up. A whole nation thus became unified by reduction to one single monopolistic mass led by one will and inspired by one creed.

Conversation with Nazis

By Roger Caillois

A word on this article: we hope that no reader will attempt to startle us with the information that this somber meditation is not written by a Catholic, indeed not by a theist. We hope that many readers will see in it the poignant solitude and misery of man's state when God is hidden to him. We do not print it, complacent, as some show of a drunken or sober Helot, but with grave compassion, saying: there—in that high intelligence and profound despair—but for the grace of God . . .

THE EDITORS.

THIS WAS in the province of Buenos Aires. I was walking in the country when it started to rain. The rain fell close and fast and in a few moments I was drenched to the bone. I sought refuge beneath a clump of eucalyptus trees—trees which have a most distinguished look, but provide little shelter. They do not shelter you from the rain. I set forth once more and soon came upon a "rancho," a very poor rancho, but one which could protect a wanderer from the rain far better than the eucalyptus trees. I entered the house and begged leave to remain there until the storm should pass. I was shown a bench to sit on and the people of the house sat and stared at me. I stared at them. There were some children in the room, but how many children I do not know; there was one old man and two strong sunburned young men. After a moment they asked me if I were English or German. I replied that I was a Frenchman. By their accent, their gestures, their physical type, I had already recognized the nation which had formed them. There was no need for me to question them.

After a long silence one of the men said: "You must learn to speak German. Germany is conquering the world. Germany has occupied all France. You should learn the conqueror's language."

"I am more far-sighted," I replied, "I am learning Russian." There was another long silence. The two men seemed to be thinking slowly and carefully. They were making a visible effort to

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understand and weigh my answers, then deliberately they would build up another attack. So that each exchange of opinion seemed to rise from an abyss of meditation; what we said was extremely simple; there seemed to be no need for deep meditation, yet the great deliberateness these men showed, the intervals of silence, gave to our conversation an unusual solemnity, made it seem different from casual discussion in which the arguments follow one after the other, clash, and the mind is not truly able to digest them.

One of the men said: "Germany takes everything from the lands she dominates. She takes away their raw materials, she puts their factories and their men to work for her. All Europe is at her disposal. Her power is invincible."

"Nothing is less certain," I said, "for Allied aircraft are destroying these factories one after the other while Germany is unable to destroy the factories of her enemies. The last word belongs obviously to those countries whose factories are safely out of reach of bombers."

The man thought this over. He shifted his attack: "Germany obeys a leader and that is a pledge of triumph. See from how low he came, how high he has reached, see what he has made of a humiliated and misunderstood people, see the victories, the crowding victories, which he has given to his people. Hitler is a genius."

"You are mistaken. He is a madman. What do you think of a man who throws his country into a mechanized war—in which tanks and planes decide everything—against the three most industrialized nations of the world? It is not a clever move."

This time the silence lasted longer. I waited. Finally I heard this: "In all the conquered countries everyone tries to escape. London is filled with Poles and Belgians and French. From all over Europe fugitives flock to London. Not a single German is leaving the Reich."

"The men you are talking about are not merely fugitives seeking refuge, they are fugitives seeking arms. The Germans stay in Germany? I only wish that were true. But not for your reasons. You boast that they are not abandoning their country, but is there a country in Europe in which they could seek refuge? They have made all Europe into one continent hostile to them. There will be no Holland to welcome the successor of their former lord. He himself has closed the way to Holland and among that peaceful people who grew tulips, drank the milk from their own cows, went about on bicycles, he himself has aroused a great legion of murderers who have murders to avenge and who conspire to bring about his defeat."

The two men seemed disturbed at this remark. Their final argument was a strange one: "Men suffer in Europe, the Germans take everything away, everything there is to eat away. The Germans are the strong ones and they distribute food and shelter as they please. They make the others suffer. They do not suffer themselves."

I said: "Do you really think so? Ask the German soldiers fighting in Russia or in Africa, in the cold, in the desert, in the heat, under fire, ask the Germans who live in the cities that are being bombed, ask them if they do not suffer. And the prospect of losing this war, of enduring in vain such extraordinary trials with only hatred for reward, do you believe that this is helpful to their heart and to their bodies in their effort, in their struggle? And who knows if the Germans condemned already to endure, hopelessly, their own suffering, are not beginning to fear the ransom that they may have to pay for the suffering they inflict on their victims."

"Yes," he answered, and his tone of voice left no doubt as to the meaning and the intention in his words. "Yes," he said, "but meanwhile the Germans still can make the others suffer."

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I hesitated before saying anything. The phrase sounded so strangely, spoken on this peaceful plain, spoken here at land's end, as it were, here where the clash of battle reached one deadened and so distant that even enemies whom chance had brought face to face could not dream—without being ridiculous—of taking up the battle themselves on a minute and personal scale—as if it were a private battle—of taking up the immense dispute which over there, across an ocean, drew so abundantly the blood of their brothers, the antagonists. And this sense of distance which forced us to be moderate rendered even more astounding the ferocious character of what had just been said. I kept on seeking, unsuccessfully, a suitable retort to such a mode of feeling, a mode which one guessed to be too elementary, too close to instinct for it to be affected by reasoned argument. All I could find to say was to suggest, shamefully, that at that game the nazis were but heaping up upon their heads the determination for most cruel revenge. And putting an end to the conversation I preferred to go out again into the rain. The rain still fell.

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The answer I made may have convinced my hosts; assuredly it did not convince me. I would have liked to have found the way to force them into awareness of a truth different from their truth but equally simple. By threatening them I had worked on their plane, for they understand only too well what is a threat, and they must be extremely sensitive to threats since they are so will-

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ing to use threats against others and appear to trust in no other method of argument.

I had, of course, no difficulty in imagining what satisfaction man can obtain through the suffering which he inflicts upon his brother. It is not difficult to guess that he draws from this cruelty a reason for self-glorification, a satisfaction to his pride, an evil consolation for his own unhappiness, a sort of voluptuous pleasure which calms his unrest and his fear. Happy is the man who has never perceived in his own heart the call of these despicable invitations. I believe them to be very human. I do not think that pleasure and pride in making others suffer is the sad privilege of any single race, even if one race only has found a specific name for this pleasure. It belongs to all mankind. But doomed is he who having felt the call of this intoxication has not tried, at once, to resist it.

I fear that one can become accustomed to it easily for I see nothing in nature that stands against these sinister emotions. And I would go further. I wonder if a people cannot adapt them to itself, as it were, and in the long run take habitual pleasure in them. Then, with education reinforcing instead of controlling human nature, I shudder at the thought of seeing cruelty honored and taught. What irresistible strength will cruelty possess when encouraged by society, custom and education, when you consider that the temptation to be cruel has lived uneradicated in the heart of man throughout all the centuries in which the accepted customs of men and all the laws made by men were united against it. Despised and warred against, cruelty has remained an immense danger. What will cruelty be when it is admired, upheld by public opinion and accredited among the learned? There is nothing apocalyptic or prophetic in what I say. I am describing nothing more than the situation which for years has been visible to us and whose varying effects become daily more and more manifest.

There exist today entire generations of men nourished in a sort of acceptance of all those instincts which may only be called low, since it would seem that there exists in the moral world a heaviness, a law of gravity which drags the careless heart down to the depths. With unceasing effort, and sternly, the heart must struggle in resistance. As soon as it lets itself go, the heart is conquered and becomes, as far as it dares, avid, tricky, ungrateful, violent and ferocious. The heart inclines as naturally toward this vulgarity and this evil as the body which falls for the simple reason that it is heavy—that is to say, a body. Not only are the generations of which I speak, like all other generations, exposed to this pull toward the depths, but the education they have received, the spectacle of life which is offered them, serve in no way to foster in them any desire to resist. On the contrary, they idealize this latent servitude of evil and they mould into a structure and a discipline—alas imperial and active—those unwilled and horrible movements of the spirit which true discipline would attempt to overcome. I fear that finally such men will lack imagination to conceive any other manner of behavior. They will find their own behavior so scientifically advantageous, they will be so proud of seeing combined, coordinated, and converging toward the same end, assisting them to reach the same power, the same conquests, all that which in other men is balanced or in actual conflict, that they will consider grotesque and ridiculous any idea of acting in a way other than that in which they act.

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Under these conditions I doubt whether there can exist anywhere in the world a force capable of making them understand that truth is not necessarily where they believe it to be. No matter where they turn, they see only more reasons for persevering in the attitude they have taken, an attitude which in fact is certainly the most promising of success. Furthermore, all about them are people with no more energy for good than for evil, virtuous only through fear, ready to be most flagrantly dishonest so long as their dishonesty can be accomplished in silence and concealment. For what they fear is scandal and danger. These people form a timorous and useless flock which these harsh shepherds can judge worthy only of disdain and can see only as the subject matter for their pitiless law. Who, will they say, who, can we say, may be sure that he is above suspicion of belonging to this miserable race? To proclaim that one does not belong to it one must have a sureness of self almost incompatible with that humility which is the characteristic of virtue.

These brutes, these men who love brutality—they at least have courage and certainty. And now they even have reasons for legitimate pride, and the time comes when even their conscience will be at rest. Certain that they act in obedience to the order which rules the universe, and seeing in most of those who are shocked by their maxims only a regret at being too timid to adopt them themselves, what authority, what luminous example can convert them? Nothing short of a miracle would be effective.

It is only rarely that I can understand how man came to conceive of God. I do not believe that man was ever astounded—as it is always said—at the existence of a universe of which he is a part and to which he became accustomed before he even perceived it. Yet, for my part should I ever come to suppose the existence of an all powerful God, a grace to which nothing would be impossible, it would be to call upon that power and that grace for assistance in a task which seems to me

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beyond human powers and essentially supernatural. For what help can a man hope for when, against human nature, he fights a man who is subservient, totally, to human nature? Divided in himself, how may he hope to master a fraternal enemy in whom there is no division whatever and who has no aim other than to triumph? Even successful in battle, the victory of his arms would solve nothing: for that victory would be too bound by its nature to that which it conquers. Between conqueror and conquered it is not virtue which is decisive; violence decides, and that is why victory does not necessarily come to the most worthy. In any case the fact of being defeated has never convinced anyone that he was wrong and he whom fate has betrayed has always been able to hope that some new accident, some new chance, will bring him the triumph of which momentarily he stands deprived.

Nor does the intellect bring greater assistance: for the intellect is an instrument which does not select its master and which serves impartially whoever employs it to advantage. And the example of virtue itself may furnish those whom it attempts to convince with a subject to jeer at rather than to admire. Seeing in the virtuous model proposed to them merely an opportunity to mark a point, they will prefer to profit by the opportunity rather than imitate the example and will see only idiocy and weakness where there is charity and forgiveness, that is to say, spiritual strength.

They will all hesitate the less because everything seems to support their conviction: experience, reason, success and fame, all confirm their assurance that they are right. What is there to challenge them? Principle whose reality cannot be tested by the senses and whose rewards are remote and even arguable. I am incapable, myself, of proving their excellence. One cannot admit their excellence without some kind of faith. These principles advise us to act according to rules which nothing assures us either exist or are good. In nature one hardly sees them at all, and where one does see them they appear to be ruinous to whatever follows them. There remains man; but the man of honor, as the proverb says, lives only as long as the traitor permits him to live. For that matter one may always see deceit in generosity, may always spoil the pure. All one needs for this accomplishment is to be sufficiently ingenious and then there is no disinterested act which cannot appear selfish calculation, or naïveté.

Man's understanding finds it difficult to justify such preferences for generosity which, so obviously, are both dangerous and harmful to himself. If he must admit their existence, he prefers to explain them as arising from trickery or stupidity rather than attribute them to delicacy of spirit, which seems in his mind inexplicable and by which he fears that he might be betrayed. To make matters worse, this delicacy of spirit cannot parade itself or prove itself: virtue being modest. He whose action is governed by it doubts always of his own strength and is reluctant to boast of merits which he must ever assume to be uncertain. Always, he avoids emphasis and rhetoric for he knows them to be shallow; he knows that they easily can ruin the truths they express and that even more easily they can be the tools of imposture.

Yet if a man can at times bring reality to these commandments of the soul, however weak and uncertain they may be, if a man risks everything to obey them and succeeds, by his humble and unnoticed act he has deserved man's gratitude. By such an act the spiritual capital of mankind is augmented. For, just as the rich man owns and wastes wealth which has been built up by the labor of the poor who never profit by it, so the deceitful man is believed only because of the trust that is granted to the men of truth and by which he, too, benefits. The cruel can only start their career of cruelty because men believe them to be kind: all violence grows in the shelter of a corresponding respect for kindness, and lives only through the trust that this kindness has created. Who would believe in a lie if all men lied? The tricksters would be compelled to silence. If each one of us, recognizing neither the value of the given word nor any law, followed but his own immediate interests, and stood ready to betray, at any moment, his accomplice of the day before, who does not see that disloyalty itself would become impossible through its own excess?

Thus it is the fate of evil to destroy the various treasures which virtue elevates with such great difficulty from nothingness and without which an ever more exasperated mistrust and uncertainty would abolish every human relationship. No one is forced to work toward gathering together these precious reserves rather than to ruin and dilapidate them. There is no penalty for the man who cheats instead of keeping the rules, and nothing is more doubtful than the satisfactions one finds in being moral. They are almost entirely imaginary, in any case invisible, unprovable.

Here in all truth is a challenge to man. He who meets it certainly is exposing himself to disappointment and trouble, and it is certain that he will never be sure that this superior law exists which he attempts to respect. He can only hope that he is not struggling uselessly and everything proclaims that he is. Thus it does not astonish me that a Church has dared to place in the ranks of its theological virtues that virtue of Hope, which appears to be a widely prevalent sentiment, which costs but little effort, but which the most reasonable civilization of the past rightly relegated to the very bottom of Pandora's Box, considering it the worst and most dangerous of ills, that which helps man to bear the presence of man.

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Communications

TROUBLE IN BOLIVIA

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: I have just finished reading the extremely depressing article "Trouble in Bolivia" in your issue for June 11. The employees in the tin mines of Bolivia work and live in conditions which are somewhat lower than those which ordinarily surround horses or cattle or pigs. The whole situation is almost incredible in a Christian land in the twentieth century. It suggests a few questions which I should like to see answered in THE COMMONWEAL by anyone who has the requisite knowledge.

Are the two mine operators, Patiño and Aramayo, Catholics?

Has their un-Christian and cruel treatment of their employees ever been rebuked by a bishop or a priest in Bolivia?

Have the political rulers of Bolivia ever heard of the right of workers to form effective organizations, as declared by Pope Leo XIII?

Has the palpable violation of the tin workers' right to a living wage ever been denounced by any priest or bishop in Bolivia?

RT. REV. JOHN A. RYAN,
Director, Department of Social Action, National Catholic Welfare Conference.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: As a Catholic it naturally occurred to me to ask the same questions in Bolivia as Monsignor Ryan asks in his letter. Since he now raises these issues, which I preferred not to deal with either in my COMMONWEAL article or in my report to the CIO, it seems proper that I should give the answers I obtained in Bolivia. To the first question, the answer is: Patiño at least nominally; Aramayo certainly. To the remaining three questions the answer is "No."

MARTIN C. KYNE.

PLOUGH DEEP

San Francisco, Cal.

TO the Editors: I am amazed at the colossal ignorance displayed by the writer of the "Plough Deep While Sluggards Sleep" editorial in the May 28th issue of your paper. (This is the second time within a few months that these vicious statements have appeared in THE COMMONWEAL.) The brazen charge made by the writer of this editorial, that the Japanese were removed from the west coast to the interior in order to appease the American Legion, the Native Sons of the Golden West and "the people who found the competition too stiff, who would like themselves to make a little money out of tomatoes and lettuce," is the grossest kind of libel. The Japanese were removed from the west coast by the War Department, not by the F.B.I., as the editorial in question implies. They were removed because they were living dangerously close to bridges, dams, watersheds, reservoirs, power houses, railroad terminals and communication centers, because there was absolutely no way of telling the sheep from the goats and because the safety of the coast was in jeopardy. If that be un-American, make the most of it. They were not removed because of any desire on the part of the War Department to appease any pressure group. That is not the way we are fighting this war.

And the fact that "among them there are several thousand Catholics" certainly is quite irrelevant. Being a Catholic does not carry with it any guarantee of personal impeccability; it does not even carry with it any guarantee of personal Christianity. Wasn't the Ethiopian massacre publicly approved by the Italian episcopate? Is anyone so naïve as to believe that because a Japanese is a Catholic he is automatically a good American?

I am wondering if I have been spending $5.00 a year in a vain attempt to secure an enlightened and informed opinion on affairs of the day.

ISABELLE L. LYNCH.

Los Angeles, Cal.

TO the Editors: I wish to congratulate you upon your very fine editorial "Plough Deep While Sluggards Sleep" in the issue of May 27. I read it as it was reproduced in our diocesan weekly paper, *The Tidings*. We have not had enough articles of that nature in our Catholic press. Too many of our Catholics have begun hating the American citizens of Japanese ancestry. More power to you.

MARIE NUSANG.

ITALIAN SITUATION

Jacksonville, Fla.

TO the Editors: Mr. Churchill recently said: "They [Italians] would be very well advised to get rid of their leaders and throw themselves on the justice of those they have so greatly offended. All we can do is apply the physical stimuli" (bombardments). After Churchill, Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden repeated that "it is for Italian people to decide whether they are to endure this bombardment to the bitter end."

The reality is very diverse from what Churchill and Eden think. Italian peoples as such cannot revolt against the united might of the nazi and fascist armies and police forces; any attempt to do so would be suppressed bloodily and quickly. As in every occupied country, the underground movements are alive in Italy, but not so strong as to overthrow king, duce, chieftains and their gangs. Allied bombing, however "scientific," could not transform the present tragic situation.

I hope that neither England nor America will use against Italy (as against other enemy countries) indiscriminate bombing of civilian people. Deputy Prime Minister Clement Attlee denied, in the House of Commons, that the bombing was indiscriminate and assured the House that "no one would divert the RAF from it."

Italian people know, as Walter Lippmann has pointed out in his article "Italy at Bay," that "the fundamental and permanent interests of Italy are bound up with the defeat of her ally." But, even this traditional and evident truth cannot help those who "are laying down their lives

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for a cause which is fatally opposed to the vital interest of their country." There is, too, a deep psychological trait which prevents Italians from foreseeing their surrender without fighting. The Italian soldier is not a professional one, but he is proud as a soldier. He has been not enthusiastic about this war; sometimes he had doubts about fascist war aims and had fought not so voluntarily in Egypt, in Greece, in Russia. But when the soil of the fatherland is attacked, he will feel it to be his duty and honor to fight and die.

The Italian Army and Navy have always been very disciplined corps; no tradition of *pronunciamiento* (military *coup d'état*) in Italy as in Spain. For them the king only has the right to give orders; they depend on the king. The Duce usurped the power of the king in proclaiming himself the supreme chief of the Army and Navy. Nevertheless, the last word will be that of the king, unless the Allied Army defeats the Italians on the field.

LUIGI STURZO.

The Stage & Screen

The Student Prince

AFTER a lapse of about fifteen years "The Student Prince" returns to charm Broadway. It is good; very, very good. It tells the fairy tale of perfect love which often enough comes true in fact and is the love in human imagination forever true. It is love recognized by young eyes blind to barriers of place and poverty. It is aching love, sentimentally sad love because it is love finally forsworn for the sake of duty. This is the deepest love since it depends so much on imagination. It remains untarnished by love's compromises. Dorothy Donnelly, a great actress, whom Bernard Shaw called his collaborator in the making of "Candida," wrote the book and lyrics of "The Student Prince" years ago. Despite the changes in the world, unbelievable changes, from her standpoint in time, her story is still fresh. A fairy tale is never made stale by time. The music of Sigmund Romberg is as lovely as ever. "Deep In My Heart" and "Golden Days" were called for again and again by the audience. The audience seemed definitely to favor the singing of Everett Marshall (the tutor, Dr. Engel) over that of Frank Hornaday (the Prince) but Mr. Hornaday gave to the play its most effective musical scene in the last act when after his renunciation of love for higher motives he sang "Deep In My Heart" with heartbreaking pathos. He makes you think you are hearing this beautiful song for the first time. (*At the Broadway Theater.*)

JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

Looking Before and After

"SPITFIRE" is one of those carefully produced, efficient films that the English turn out, and which make English audiences flock to Hollywood productions. It is designed to do homage to R. J. Mitchell, the inventor of the Spitfire. But it plods along telling the story of Mitchell's struggles to get his streamlined plane accepted by his conservative employers and by a government bogged down in the thirties by the Great Depression. The story's high spot is a trip to Germany in 1933 which convinced Mitchell (played in a pale-knight-at-arms manner by Leslie Howard) and his good friend and test pilot Geoffrey Crisp (tossed off in a bright, cheery, sassy-answer sort of way by David Niven) that the Germans meant no good with their glider clubs, youth movements and surly resentment at the Versailles Treaty. Mitchell hurries back to England and, in spite of an illness that is to be fatal, works day and night on a new plane that will go faster and carry more guns than anything in the air. Mitchell wins the race with death; he lives long enough to see his Spitfire proven successful in test flights and accepted by the government. This story of Mitchell (produced and directed by Leslie Howard) is told in a lengthy flashback sandwiched between effective scenes of the September, 1940, Battle of Britain in which Spitfires play a leading rôle. That Mitchell deserves highest praise for the unflagging perseverance which resulted in the Spitfire no one denies. However, this film is as flat as an encyclopedia article on the subject.

"Pilot No. 5" represents a curious mixture of good and bad cinema. Half of it is melodramatic claptrap twisted to suit the purposes of implausible but exciting fiction. But the other half is an interesting character study with undertones of social significance. While Pilot No. 5 (Franchot Tone) takes the sole remaining plane from a Javanese island to do what damage he can to a Japanese carrier and its 20 planes, the other four pilots (Gene Kelly, Alan Baxter, Dick Simmons, Van Johnson) tell a Dutch major (Steve Geroy) the sad story of No. 5 and why he insisted on going on this dangerous job. A series of flashbacks, as the men reveal what they know of George Collins, show that he was an honor graduate from law school, a struggling young lawyer but very happy with Freddie (Marsha Hunt), his fiancée, with whom he was building a house which they soon hoped to occupy.

But George joined forces with Vito (Gene Kelly—who also tells most of the story), a not too smart or scrupulous Italian lawyer. And the boys go to work for the Governor, a crooked politician, who sets them to buying up farms for an irrigation project that will make him and not The People wealthy. George discovers too late what kind of dishonest business he is furthering. Vito refuses to stick by him when George goes to the Governor to tell him off. Later, knowing that this will be the end of his career, George tells all to the Department of Justice. As a lawyer, George is finished. Freddie has already given him the gate. This ostracizing of George is not too convincing. However, the film skims quickly over his rise and we are brought again to the present and to George piloting the plane over the Jap carrier to redeem himself for the suffering he caused. George Sidney's direction is for the most part lively; and the screenplay by David Hertz is moving. Franchot Tone plays the lead in an exaggerated undertone, but Marsha Hunt as the girl and Gene Kelly as the Italian lawyer are excellent. Because some of the material is worthy, I am sorry that the film didn't avoid melodramatic pitfalls.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Editors' Choice

MOSCOW DATELINE. *Henry C. Cassidy. Houghton.* $3.00.

A COOPERATIVE ECONOMY. *Benson Y. Landis. Harper.* $2.00.

Not Too Inside

MR. CASSIDY has been head of the AP Bureau in Moscow since the spring before the German incursion into USSR. But if you expect from him another book in the same mold as the countless string of correspondents' fancy memoirs, you will be mistaken; and if you are ordinarily bored with the *genre,* here you will be pleased. For Mr. Cassidy's great merit in "Moscow Dateline" is his humility, which leads to a genuine humanity and a keen sense of humor. He does not make any startling revelations as to the deep inner workings of the historical process. His book, after the first chapter or two, is delightful reading, and "delightful" is precisely the right adjective.

Newspaper reviews have almost all singled out his account of the dinner Stalin gave Churchill as the highspot in this entertaining narrative. Certainly it is the highspot. But it has competition. The account of his moving, because of fuel shortages in Moscow, has a lot to recommend it, and the dinner to Willkie was pretty nifty also.

What Mr. Cassidy does particularly well is to make the Soviet supermen seem like people. You get the feeling that Stalin is very astute, but is also an ex-seminarian from Georgia, not above the simple tricks of the politicians' trade and a fellow who likes to take his vodka in handsome quantities and who has a strangely subtle yet brutal and astringent sense of humor. The lesser bureaucrats sound very much like bureaucrats anywhere else. They do not like, above all, to have people go over their heads, as Cassidy did when he obtained his two famous letters from Stalin. They do not like to be kidded. They don't like newspaper men in general.

What about the future? Mr. Cassidy feels that it is essential for us to learn how to get on with Soviet Russia, and that it would be tragic if we do not succeed in doing it. His book gives no picture of an earthly paradise under benevolent Marxist guidance. Quite the contrary. And because of its simplicity and lack of pretense, his evidence seems all the more convincing. He is not precisely optimistic, but he thinks that we can manage to work out our problems and our differences. Certainly here is a volume which on internal evidence seems to warrant wide reading, and which can be widely read, and without pain.

An Approach to Plenty

ONE of the villains in the piece, the economy of scarcity with its mad scramble for raw materials, markets and political spheres of influence, seems destined for a timely end. For the United Nations' objective of Freedom from Want cannot be achieved under the old economics of scarcity. But how can peacetime production be completely reoriented from its former ways? There are three possible answers. Modern capitalism can turn a handspring and come up with a truly expanding economy; the State can take off from its leading rôle in war production in the generally socialist direction of taking over the means of peacetime production with a view to providing plenty for all; consumers can produce this plenty for them-

"That worst of all modern superstitions—"

Many are the prophets (false ones, let us hope!) who have told us that the age of nations is approaching its term. Marxian observers have long been saying that the agony of the modern world signifies the birth pains of *a cosmopolitan communist society.* Racialist Nazis view the present war as an historico-biological event ushering in a new age *of continental empires* organized on racial and geographical instead of national and political principles . . .

And even a vast number of those who are defending the world of liberty against the revolutionary tyranny now on the march, do not *really* look forward to a restoration of the international community, but envisage instead either an Anglo-Saxon world domination (which is an ideal *not fundamentally different* from racialist Pan-Germanism), or a Wellsian world state *in which scientists and bureaucratic experts direct* the life of the human race . . .

These last constitute *a powerful party* in our midst. They attribute the failure of the League of Nations to the fact that it was not developed into a mighty cosmopolitan police power with the will and the means of *enforcing a pacific liberalism on all the peoples of the world.* Their ideology dominated a large seminar on American isolation at the 1940 convention of the American Historical Association. The most applauded speaker expressed the opinion that the only road to a peaceful world lay in the creation of a super-state *enforcing a universal order* fashioned by *"us"* instead of *"them."*

It did not seem that this gentleman had much more respect for the freedom of *political communities* than Herr Hitler himself has evinced. And when he declared that the world state *must* come because of social and historical *necessity*—since "science" and "economics" *decree* inexorably that it *shall* be—one could recognize the kind of thinking that prevails in the . . . *totalitarian world,* with its belief in vast impersonal forces and processes, and its perpetual justification of itself by appeal to **that worst of all modern superstitions** —the irresistible logic of history.

This kind of thinking, I fear, is *not going to be very helpful* in the reconstruction of the international community and the formation of institutions to maintain peace and justice—*if a second opportunity* for trying this is to be vouchsafed to us . . . It is not enough, apparently, for these people to defend their country and the free international order; they have seemed almost *hesitant to fight without a complete plan* for a new world order in their minds. In Great Britain they pestered Mr. Churchill for his war aims when he could not even know that he and his nation were going to escape destruction. And in America they repeatedly insisted that we take no step without a clear blue-print of the future before us . . .

But it is, of course, *highly important* that men think about the organization of peace, that they review the past experience of our world and seek to discover from history *what kind of world* that really is . . . To help toward that good end is the purpose of this historical essay.

Quoted from the Introduction to THE GREAT REPUBLIC, by Ross J. S. Hoffman, *Price* $1.00.

SHEED & WARD—NEW YORK—N. Y.

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selves by stepping up the cooperative movement. Each of these has its drawbacks. The first is unlikely not only because it means a new type of thinking for the executives involved but primarily from the very nature of the problem. The second, the solution implied in Carr's "Conditions of Peace," is much more likely, but that would leave the individual citizen at the mercy of the State. The third would seem to have the greatest human possibilities but consumers' cooperation is ordinarily so slow and gradualistic that it is hard to see how a cooperative economy could get under way in time.

The old charge that the United States is not really a democracy is pretty well exploded in Dr. Landis's new book. He sets out to face the terrific problem of the world's post-war economy and on the way provides a compact, heavily documented summary of the private, cooperative and governmental agencies engaged the country over in supplying important goods and services. All these agencies together do not reach a large portion of our citizenry, but in the last ten years they have made such giant strides that under a favoring wind economic democracy here could be on the way. Dr. Landis himself seems to assign the key rôle to consumers' cooperation, although he perceives the appropriateness of state operation of certain public services and is fully aware of the important rôle of the labor movement.

Dr. Landis's program throughout is a distinctly Christian one. He cites Leo XIII and calls for "the wide diffusion of the ownership of property among individuals and families . . . as the best guarantee of economic and political liberty. This right of ownership must include land, homes, goods, and productive equipment, the last especially important in agriculture." Yet he points out that property rights must be limited. He quotes Wallace Stegner of Harvard to this effect: "If by our own laziness we force the state to take over more and more of the functions that we as citizens might handle (and that includes a great many economic functions) we are likely to find that the political revolutionary has been before us and that we have a collectivism of a kind we do not particularly like."

Dr. Landis says of the producer-consumer, cooperative economy that he advocates: "It is essentially decentralist and therefore truly human. It exalts self-help and voluntarism. It provides a delicate balance between individual freedom and self-imposed economic controls." An invaluable and timely addition to Harper's fine list of books on cooperatives.

More Books of the Week

Is Germany Incurable? Richard M. Brickner, M.D. Lippincott. $3.00.
Freedom Forgotten and Remembered. Helmut Kuhn. North Carolina. $2.50.

INTELLECTUAL curiosity is usually regarded as an indication of mental growth. The mere fact that a person *is* intellectually curious suggests that he is psychologically alive and offers hope of his remaining so. Today the number of books dealing with "What's wrong with Germany?—How do nazis get that way?" and other similar considerations, suggests that Americans are displaying an intellectual curiosity in world problems which augurs well for the future.

"Is Germany Incurable?" by Richard Brickner and "Freedom Forgotten and Remembered" by Helmut Kuhn are good examples of this curiosity. To the reader, it is of considerable interest to note how the ideas of the writers interlace and complement each other. Professor Kuhn's book is best read first, for it presents the problem on a larger scale than does the work of Dr. Brickner.

Helmut Kuhn, formerly lecturer in philosophy at the University of Berlin, is at present a member of the Philosophy Department at the University of North Carolina. Much of what he has written of in the 267 pages of his book represents the outgrowth of his own observations and experiences in Germany. Dr. Richard Brickner, Assistant Professor of Clinical Neurology at Columbia University, regards the problem of Germany's misdemeanors with the objective eye of the trained psychiatrist thoughtfully considering a psychotic patient.

The bewildered onlooker, seeking an explanation for some of the national Germanic characteristics, is impressed by their universal love for "dressing up," sabre rattling, goose stepping, and, above all, by their frenzy for mass similarity. This latter is based on the delusion that a uniform confirms uniformity and suggests a fundamental error in values; the net result being a comic opera personnel who have the misfortune to take themselves seriously.

Professor Kuhn describes this philosophy when, writing of the Germans after the Armistice, he says they "refused to put off their field colored uniforms. To wear civilian clothes means for the individual to live a life of his own . . . but these lovers of the uniform did not find in themselves the stuff of which such a life could be made . . . they loathed the idea of having to choose the color of their shirt or necktie to match it. Their natural vestment was the uniform which proclaims that its wearer is a part and member; not a microcosmos but a fragment." Dr. Brickner extends the theme of uniformania; as it finds group expression—"megalomania is unmistakable in the colossal nazi pageantries, reeking with theatricalized, synthetic grandeur"; as it underlies city management: "the System spoke its mind in innumerable signs encountered at every turn advising all comers, with varying degrees of emphasis, that such and such an activity was *streng verboten*"; as it affects class distinctions: "as many military trappings as possible were carried over into civilian life. Titles, decorations, rigid sense of caste, all were represented there"; as it influences social life, exemplified in the parlor sofa, which "itself was subdivided, with its various sections graded according to a fixed order of rank"; as it extends into the police force, who "consciously and deliberately . . . imitated the army in every respect"; and finally even into the home where *Ordnung* reigns in a manner curiously reminiscent of the compulsive patterns of the neurotic.

Professor Kuhn believes that the "irrevocable error of totalitarianism consists in betraying man's absolute aspiration into the serfdom of the deified state," a realm to which Dr. Brickner ascribes "grandiose mystic notions of the cosmos . . . huge, world-embracing thoughts that make the thinker feel as big as the universe."

In his comparison of Germany with a paranoid patient, Dr. Brickner calls attention to the need to dominate, suspiciousness, ideas of reference, megalomania, lack of a sense of humor, false ruminations over past events, illogical thinking based on warped premises, and on an intense desire to project personal difficulties on the outside world. Professor Kuhn emphasizes many of these points, as when he describes the defeat which Germany "did not know how to take," in the arrogance of thought which "regarded itself above the crude alternative of . . . right and wrong,"

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in the emasculation of education in general and philosophy in particular, in the rape of religion: "is not the cross like the swastika?" and in the selection of the Jewish race as the scapegoat made necessary through a national paranoia projection pattern.

On remedial aspects, Dr. Brickner mentions two preliminaries, complete and continued disarmament for Germany plus a decent minimum living. After these "will come the second phase—the struggle to eliminate German paranoid trends." This huge task implies an occupation by the democracies of key positions within Germany, a wiping out of "dangerous traces of the past," a destruction of "former symbols and a substitution of new ones"; in short, "a vast campaign of education." This latter, the author thinks, will depend largely upon the "existence and stamina of the non-paranoid group within Germany," and in "the fostering of clear Germans and the gradual drawing into their group of all possible marginal cases."

Professor Kuhn in his last chapter, "The Message of Hope," builds on a larger scale. "The state," he writes, "must be made to subserve an end greater than itself . . . its social life functions smoothly . . . not for the sake of the intrinsic beauty of a well adjusted social organism . . . but because the social order both expresses and builds up an orderly soul." The measuring stick is "whether or not the state makes the lives of its citizens worth living." Confusion in thinking must be cleared away and man must perceive once again his destiny "in a region of spiritual reality above the political sphere." Professor Kuhn stresses the importance of religious values not only in this last chapter, but throughout the book, considerations which are completely and strangely absent in the book of Dr. Brickner. Kuhn shows a basic understanding of the doctrine of suffering when he says "Christian wisdom . . . teaches us that it takes a true God to suffer willingly an undeserved torture; and that it takes a true man willingly to endure sorrow which is never undeserved."

These two books are sincerely recommended to every thinking person whose intellectual curiosity is directed toward the German problem. Professor Kuhn writes from the broader field of the philosopher who is not unmindful of theological currents, and as a result his canvas presents the wider scope. Dr. Brickner, turning the present day dilemma under his psychological microscope, presents a materialistic though scientific explanation which contains much of interest and a great deal of value.

ANNETTE C. WASHBURNE, M.D.

Saint Charles Borromeo. Cesare Orsenigo. Herder. $3.50.

IN 1910 Father Orsenigo, the present Nuncio in Berlin, published, as part of the tercentennial celebrations of the canonization of Saint Charles Borromeo, a study of various phases of the career of the great Archbishop of Milan. The book now appears in English, with an appropriate introduction by Father Gemelli, one of the most distinguished Milanese of our day. The translation, which was made by Father Rudolph Kraus, is eminently readable; though many sentences suggest that greater liberty might have been taken with the original to meet the requirements of idiomatic English.

Saint Charles was one of the most interesting, forceful and admirable figures of the Counter-Reformation. Besides his accomplishments in the field of his own jurisdiction he did much to keep the Council of Trent in session until its purpose was fulfilled. The measure of his achievement may be learned from a comparison of his trials and

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our own. Despite the heartbreak of ruined churches and of murdered and exiled clergy brought about by the present war and the revolutions that preceded it, no prelate in our time has to endure the trials that beset Saint Charles. His enemies were of his own household and they were guilty of a violence, treachery and obduracy infinitely more odious than persecution by external foes. Amid the sorrows and anxieties of his difficult office Archbishop Orsenigo has found, in the fortitude and intrepidity of the German hierarchy, a joy and consolation that never alleviated the martyrdom of the reformer of the Church of Milan. It is doubtful if at any time in history the Church was more free of scandal than it is today. In that respect the dreams of the Tridentine Fathers come very close to fulfillment. The greatness of the change can be gathered from this book, for the author leaves nothing to be desired in his objective treatment of fact. The book is marked by a Latin exuberance of panegyric which may prove distasteful to readers who do not discount these excesses as liberally as the Italians do. However, clergy and laity alike will find much that is profitable and inspiring in this study of a man who really loved justice and hated iniquity.

How gradual was the change from Renaissance customs may be seen in the career of Saint Charles himself. It would be pleasant to think that his phenomenal rise was due to the sanctity he manifested later. In reality he was the beneficiary of nepotism on a grand scale, and there is no reason to think he saw anything wrong in the advancement of his family that followed the election of his uncle to the Papacy. In his case, to use the vigorous language of Bishop Camus of Belley, favoritism did not cut the throat of merit. Still no one was more surprised than Pius IV at the development of his favorite nephew's character, which he had not foreseen when he loaded him with honors. Celibates are inviting prospects for impecunious and avaricious relatives, and ecclesiastical detachment sometimes develops a natural temptation to bestow favors on what may be called collateral posterity. Newman tells us "that love of friends and relatives which nature prescribes is also of use to the Christian in giving form and direction to his love of mankind at large and making it intelligent and discriminating." Saint Charles advanced to the larger charity from the narrower one of which his family gave such a striking example.

FLORENCE D. COHALAN.

Queens Die Proudly. W. L. White. Harcourt. $2.50.

OUT OF all the hundreds of thousands of men who fly in this war it is unlikely that there will appear even one who writes of flying as well as Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. Those who have already written of flying in this war have not written well. This is hardly a complaint, merely the remarking of a fact. It is still true that only William Faulkner; Saint-Exupéry; the Englishman, Edward Garnett, and perhaps one or two more have ever written well about flying. By their natures, the man of action and the man of sensitivity and/or intellect all but exclude one another. When the two natures are combined in one man, you have a Saint-Exupéry or a Lawrence of Arabia.

So that in order to tell even with partial adequacy of his experience, the professional flier must rely on an amanuensis, not always well chosen. W. L. White is one of the more egregious of these ghost-writers. He is the one who corned-up the story of the P-T boats of Lieutenant Bulkeley's flotilla. (" 'The sky pinkened,' the Lieutenant said." Imagine any Navy lieutenant talking like that.)

Now Mr. White has decided to write the "saga" of the Flying Fortresses and he has chosen the first-person narrative, fake direct-quote method again, although why he does so is a mystery probably only a psychiatrist could explain. For Mr. White writes very unevenly and he is anything but a master of speech-rhythms, as are, say, Hemingway, Faulkner or the sports-writer for the New York *Sun,* Mr. Frank Graham. So that, although half a dozen or so people speak throughout the book, one of them a woman, all of them talk like W. L. White.

He chose Frank Kurtz, a former Olympic diver, as his central character, although as John Hersey points out, many, many other fliers went on many more dangerous missions than did Kurtz. Hersey's explanation of this is that Kurtz is articulate, but what difference this makes with someone as stupid as W. L. White corning-up the story is something I just can't understand. Imagine a pilot's wife—any pilot's wife—saying: "And the dangerous work they're doing now is making the dizzy cloud-canyons safe for the rest of the world in the years to come."

But someone—probably the equally egregious editors of the *Readers Digest*—told White that he ought to get a little "woman's interest" in his narrative, so Kurtz's wife, Margo, chimes in now and then, mostly with stories of how exciting it was to have her husband call her all-l-l the way around the world from Java.

In spite of Mr. White, the story of those few Flying Fortresses we had in the Pacific comes clear. Why they were caught on the ground by Jap planes so often is not always clear, nor is this lack of clarity reassuring in any way. But by the almost incredible durability of their construction and the cold courage of their crews, a small nucleus of them survived and helped immeasurably to slow the Jap advance southward. About the actual performance of the Forts in combat, the sergeants, Boone the gunner and Reeves the bombardier, are able to say more than Kurtz. They were brave men, brave in cold blood because you have a lot more time to think in a bomber than in a fighter-plane. From them, we have here the best descriptions yet of how the Forts function, their weaknesses and their many strengths. For this and for the implied story of the frequent stupidities of command in those early days, the book is worth reading. The fliers supply the detail of the story that is now old to us and still bitter. It is too bad they had to tell it through White, whose mawkish touch, from the stupid and even vicious title, to the egomaniacal method of narrative, still does not prevent the essential facts from shining through and creating in us anger and pity and very whole-hearted admiration and gratitude to the men who manned the Fortresses in those early and terrible days.

I would like to be able to stop writing about Mr. White, but the man is such an incredible nuisance that it seems necessary to say a few more things in a slight effort to keep him from writing another book about, say, submarines, called "Fish Die Gamely." During the '30's, W. L. White was known in pinkish circles as a fellow-traveler. Recently he made a good bit of money from "They Were Expendable," and, then—as a lot of us forgot to say at the time, for some reason—wrote a foreword for Eddie Rickenbacker's labor-baiting book. So that will be about enough for now, except to suggest a title for an autobiography for Mr. White. Something like "Pinks Pale Under Prosperity."

HARRY SYLVESTER.

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The Inner Forum

Catholic Hospitals at War

THIS year the twenty-eighth annual convention of the Catholic Hospital Association took the form of a Wartime Conference, held in Pittsburgh June 10-14. Although regulations of the Office of Defense Transportation have forced cancellation of many conventions, it was not difficult to persuade the ODT that a conference of Catholic hospital administrators and nurses was of peculiar importance to the war effort.

After all, there were in 1940 all of 676 Catholic hospitals in the United States and about 180 in Canada, plus 200 allied agencies in the US and 100 in Canada, rendering medical service in one form or another. The business of handling American casualties and of keeping the American people healthy is very much the business of the Catholic Church in this country.

"Problems beset us on all sides," writes Alphonse M. Schwitalla, S.J., who was re-elected president of the CHA, in the convention call. "Limitation orders and rationing, shortages in food and supplies, congestion of facilities and expansion of responsibility, restrictions in manpower and demands for higher salaries, threatened taxation and governmental restrictions, all these and a hundred similar effects of the war effort have of necessity been imposed upon the hospital, to threaten its usefulness and service, to modify its procedures, to revolutionize its management, to demand from it constantly greater sacrifice with, at the same time, an intensification of civilian and military demands."

All these subjects found their place on the convention agenda, and competent speakers from the worlds of Church, State and medicine appeared to speak on them. We hope there was also discussion of one of the most vital aspects of hospital administration: the problem of raising wages or improving accommodations to such an extent that male employees (orderlies, porters, kitchen help, etc.) will no longer have to face the necessity of remaining single all their lives or getting out of the hospital field.

The difficulties here are many and great, but these should not obscure the fact that the problem itself is acute and serious.

CONTRIBUTORS

George de SANTILLANA contributes to the *Atlantic Monthly* and is a specialist in the history of scientific thought. He teaches at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Rev. Thomas J. McCARTHY is the editor of the *Tidings*, the diocesan weekly of Los Angeles.

Goetz A. BRIEFS teaches at Georgetown University; he is the author of "The Proletariat."

Roger CAILLOIS was formerly professor at Beauvais, where he founded the Collège de Sociologie pour l'Etude du Sacré. He is now resident in Argentina, where he edits a French review, *Lettres Françaises*. He has long been preoccupied with the necessary rôle of the sacral—myth, religion, morality—in social life, and how to win the benefits which rise from this domain without lending adherence to any philosophy or theology beyond rationalism.

Annette C. WASHBURNE is Associate Professor of Neuropsychiatry at the University of Wisconsin and Psychiatrist for University of Wisconsin students.

Rev. Florence D. COHALAN is teaching at Cathedral College, New York.

Harry SYLVESTER is the author of "Dearly Beloved" and writes fiction for the popular magazines.

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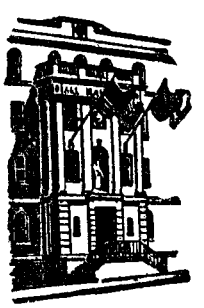

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